A

POEM

SACRED to the

MEMORY

OF THE

REVEREND *and* LEARNED

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Who departed this LIFE *November* 25th, 1748, in the 75th Year of his AGE.

Bleſſed are the Dead, which die in the LORD.

REV. xiv. 13.

Oh let me die his Death!——
"Then live his Life."——

YOUNG.

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To the Reverend

Mr. *DAVID JENNINGS.*

SIR,

I HOPE it will be acknowledged an illuſtrious Inſtance of the Sovereignty, Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God to our Nation (rather than many others) that many Great, Wiſe, and Good Men, for a ſeries of Years have had their Exiſtence in it.

But alas, they were not immortal on Earth! The Subject of the following Poem exhibits an affecting View of their Mortality. He whom we mourn, lives no longer here; unleſs it be in the growing Honours of a lovely diſtinguiſhed Character, and the grateful Remembrance of every truely virtuous and pious Mind.

I truſt I ſhall always eſteem it a peculier Bleſſing of Providence, to have been born in an Age and Nation with the Venerable, Learned, and Pious Dr. Watts, and much more ſo, to be favoured with his kind Regards, having long felt the moſt ſalutary Effects of them. I have loſt a ſpiritual Father — The Church and the Nation, a lively Example of every Social and Chriſtian Virtue; one of the greateſt and the beſt of Men; in whom there was every Thing great and lovely!

Dear

DEAR Sir, permit me to ſay this is known to be the Character of him we mourn: A Character truly noble! An Example worthy the cloſeſt inſpection and imitation; the nearer it is view'd and copyed, the more illuſtrious it appears.

BUT I forbear —— you Sir knew him too well to need any information from me: I can ſincerely ſay, I have no other Ambition in this attempt, than to expreſs the Senſe I have of his Worth, and the Gratitude I feel for your Eſteem and Regard. A Mind ſo near a kin to his, as yours; of ſo ſimilar a nature in every excellent Accompliſhment, cannot be too much valued by any, who have the Pleaſure of a Perſonal Knowledge of you.

MAY a divine Bleſſing always attend your pious Endeavours, and earneſt Reſolutions, to promote the Glory of God, and the good of Souls; that in the honourable Station of Life in which Providence has placed you, and in which many with Pleaſure view your fitneſs for it, you may ſhine with growing Luſtre, and diſtinguiſhed Honour, till your Life on Earth, ſhall come to a Period; and then may the happy Spirit of Dr. WATTS be the firſt that ſhall ſalute yours in the Realms of Peace and Bleſſedneſs above. This is the ſincere Expreſſion of that Regard and Affection, with which I am, Dear Sir,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Mar. 11, 1748-9. THE AUTHOR.

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UPON the moſſy Grave I ſat reclin'd,
In penſive Mood, on ſolemn Subjects bent.
The gloomy Scenes held my Attention fix'd,
(The griſly Tyrant and the gaping Tomb)
Nor gave me leave to gaze, — but weep, weep o'er
A Prophet dead!—The Fire kindl'd and I ſpake;
" A ſacred Life, of nobleſt uſe is clos'd;
" Its Day is ſet in Night, and ends in Death:
" An awful Pauſe, and Triumph of the Grave!"

O! for

O! for ſome Harmoniſt to aid my Song,
And mingle Grief with mine; ſuch charming Grief,
As check'd *Euphrates* Stream; (charm'd to obey:)*
Did antient Sion's Woe divinely draw? †
Such tuneful Soul, as mourned an ABNEY dead,
In Strains ſeraphic, like the Soul he ſung! ‡

YE ſacred Mourners come, with me retire,
(For Solitude is ſweet, when Tears prevail)
The Cypreſs Shades, and penſive Walks are free
For mourning Souls, to pour, their Sympathy
Of Griefs! WATTS is a Name that Nations know;
A ſacred Name that Nations love: Behold,
In ſolemn Pomp, and charming Grief, I ſee
BRITANNIA vail her royal Face, and mourn
A favorite Son of Liberty and Peace!

EUSEBIA ‖ weep, and with her ſoft addreſs
Proclaims his Worth: "'Twas his enquir'ing Mind
"In Language ſweet, and gentle flow of Senſe
"Taught

* Pſal. 137. † Lam. 1, 2, 3. ‡ See the Elegy on Sir *Thomas Abney* in the Doctor's Miſſellanious Thoughts ‖ The Church of *England*.

" Taught Minds *judicious*, how to ſearch for Truth,
" Explore the Path, and vigorouſly purſue:
" With Joy unknown they tread the pleaſing Way,
" Ripen in Knowledge, and improve in Love! *
" The heavenly Balm perpetual on his Lips,
" Did heal the fretting Wound, cement the heart
" And form a Heav'n within; an ample Round
" Of Priveledge and Bliſs!—His ſacred Mind
" Look'd through the chinks of Senſe, converſ'd on
" high;
" By Faith's Perſpective ſaw, th' Realities
" Above: believing *theſe* he ſpake, and charm'd
" The Soul to GOD! No meaner view, to feed
" The Paſſion, or applauſe of Man. Such Souls
" High born, nor grovel here, amid the Strife
" Of Tongues, and controverſy dull, that lays
" The Soul aſleep in open Day; but wing'd
" For Heav'n, point all their Efforts there; and aid
" There fellow Minds to find the Road to Bliſs."
EUSEBIA ceaſed.——IRENE † great in Woe
Unable to ſuſtain the Loſs, begins:

" Ye

* Refering to his Treatiſe on Logic, much eſteem'd in our two principal Seats of Learning. † The Proteſtant Diſſenters.

" Ye kindred Souls, with awful Pleaſure view; "
" No Eye appears unſully'd with a Tear,
" Or Heart with Sorrow unimpreſs'd like that "
" Which Iſrael felt, when Iſrael's Prophet died. ‡ "
" We mourn one greater far, a *Prophet Chriſtian*; "
" Man's higheſt Stile, and nobleſt Aim on Earth,
" His greateſt Joy in Heav'n! ——
" Aſk the incomparable Worth, of this
" Aſcended Saint. — Say ſacred Souls that know,
" Ye human Seraphs ſay, what noble Mind "
" Was this, emerging from the deep plunged Maſs
" Of wretched Man? Ennobled by its ſelf;
" By all approved; adorn'd with heavenly Gifts
" To be contained in vulgar Minds too vaſt!
" Expanded far beyond the mortal Race
" Of *Rationals:* borne on the Wings of Love
" To ſoar on high, then ſpeak beneath the Skies
" Eternal Truths."—Of God's great Love to Man
Sing mourning Muſe; How noble! How divine,
The Grace of our Creator GOD! How vaſt
Such Souls? Souls of immortal Flame are *his*;
Born

‡ 1 Sam. xxv. 1.

Born from above, to diſſipate the Gloom
Of Ignorance and Sin, proud Source of Guilt.

KIND Heav'n to pity thus; with Love t'enflame
Souls that would point their fellow Souls to bliſs.
Sing my URANIA, that ſuperior Mind,
That thus inſpir'd diffus'd his Light around
The Path that leads with upward Aim to GOD
And gave ſafe conduct to the Realms on high!
Scarce could we err with ſuch a Guide as this;
Who was from Heav'n with ſolid Wiſdom taught
The fundamental Rules of *Faith* and *Love*;
What the Credentials were that beſt diſplay'd
A Mortal's Title to a Bliſs in GOD!

WITH Joy my kindred Minds, attracted, view'd
The glowing Pathos moving on his Lips
Inimitably ſweet! Our Souls were charm'd
With ſoft Indearment to a bleeding God!
Now let your Faith (ſaid he) grow ſtrong, and riſe,
To view your Lord in all his dying Love,
(Suſtain'd by GOD, in that tremendous Hour

Of vaſt Diſtreſs, yet vaſter Joy to Man;
Whoſe Glory Heav'n delights to make her own!)
Then mount inraptur'd to the Throne above
And hear him with his Father plead for thee.
Thus ſpake the Saint in Eloquence divine!
Read o'ere his Lectures of ſubſtantial Truth ‖
They will ſurvive, now he is heard no more;
Immortalize his Name to Realms unknown,
While Saints adore, and Infidels believe! *

SAY ſacred Minds (Angelic or Humane)
Were e'er your tuneful Lyres ſo ſweetly ſtrung?
Did Songs to ſuch Devotion charm the Soul
Till he explained the Pſalmiſt's pond'rous Senſe
To celebrate redeeming Mercy there? †
Juſt Harmoniſt, and charming too, as juſt!
" O ſacred Symphony! Hark thro' the Church
" I hear the Sound divine! I'm all attention,
" All Ear, all Extaſy, unknown Delight,
" And the bleſt Muſe proclaims the Heav'n below!"

OF

‖ His Sermons. * His Caveat againſt Infidelity.
† His Pſalms.

Of Chriſt (the World's Eternal Light) ſo plain
What mortal Sung? And always charm'd to Love!
The Strains are ting'd with his redeeming Blood;
Such *Gabriel* ſets them to the golden Chord,
While Seraphs gaze to hear the grace divine
Beneath the Skies divinely ſung; then try
To imitate the Song.——Lo! ſtrait around
The everlaſting Throne, a radiant Choir;
With Harps of Gold and in full quiver ſtrung,
Unite their Joys, and ſymphony divine!
With elevated Heart we feel their Flame;
And catch celeſtial Fire, tho' gentler Notes
Attune the Song, at awful diſtance here.

Descend my Muſe, amidſt the flow'ry Vale;
Fill the young Fancy with delicious ſweets,
Of ſacred *Proſe*: and ſtill as ſacred *Verſe*
That charm the Mind, and ripen it for Heav'n. †
Our Infant Offspring tune their early Breath,
(Own the vaſt ſtoop of his exalted Mind)
Join the young Seraphs in their Maker's Praiſe,

† See his Miſcellanies, Hymns, and Lyric Poems.

Aſſiſted in their Melody and Joy
By him, who true parental Pleaſure felt. ‡
Thus the great Lamp of Day vouchſafes to ſmile
With mildeſt Beams upon the tender Plant,
T'enliven and invigorate its Growth;
Expand and aid its full Maturity.

Next, my URANIA ſhew his ſacred Life,
(Oh could I imitate the Life I ſing!)
Like Angels fair, himſelf like them divine.
The heavenly Likeneſs ſhone with Radiance Bright
O'er the dull Vail of Clay, and ſhewed the Saint.
The godlike Features all with lovely Grace
In Triumph ſat, Majeſtic on his Soul;
Virtue enthroned in *Grace*, *Meekneſs* and *Love*,
Patience and *Hope*, *Humility* and *Peace*,
Dwelt in his Heart and form'd a Seraph here!
This the fair Pattern, fairer every Hour,
Whilſt he was riſing to the Realms of Bliſs,
Reflecting Beams of Glory on our Souls.
A Life thus heav'nly, ſo divinely form'd,
Anticipated *here* immortal Joy!

We

‡ Vid. Divine Songs for Children.

We ſcarce could wiſh him to aſcend the Skies:
He muſt aſcend! He built his Hopes on high,
When Jeſus broke the Barriers of the Tomb,
And roſe to Glory: and riſen with him there,
" To him to live was Chriſt, to die is Gain!"
Thrice happy Time, with Gratitude I ſing
I heard his lovely Voice; with Joy I ſat ‖
Amindſt the ſweet Inſtructions of his Tongue:
'Twas then I drew immortal Breath; and then
My willing Soul aſcended firſt to GOD!
The vital Flame broke forth, and fired my Heart
With Love immortal like the Joy I breath'd;
Eternal, like the Object whom I lov'd.
What Gratitude to GOD I owe? To him
The happy Inſtrument? Aſcend my Soul
To Heav'n in Songs of everlaſting Praiſe,
'Twas the Effect of GOD's Eternal Love?

OFT have I urged, and ſent my Cries on high;
On Wings of Faith addreſs'd th' Eternal Throne,
When in his ling'ring Hours of painful Life:

When

‖ Providentially directed to hear him Preach.

When ſtrong diſorders ſhook the poor Machine,
And brought it fluttering near the Grave. " O thou
" Eternal GOD; great Arbiter of Life
" (I cry'd) who breath'd it firſt in Man; to whom
" It muſt return: Let not the Sands of Time
" With rapid haſte, run down his Glaſs of Life;
" Add Years to his delay, Man's Age beyond,
" It cannot be too long, ſo uſeful ſtill
" And near the Verge of Death: Oh! now ſupport
" The mortal Frame, and Nature ſhall endure,
" Let Age in all the Bloom of Life revive;
" Kindl'ing freſh Ardour in his ſacred Breaſt
" To thee, freſh Love for Souls: while heav'nly Fire
" Diviner burns, and ſpreads th'immortal Grace
" Of Love refin'd around this diſtant Globe."

Here my fond Hope would often riſe, and wait
An Anſwer to my Pray'r. —— But now deny'd!
GOD hath forbid his Stay! Our Time miſus'd
Forbid! Time now elaſp'd! How ſwift it flew?
A Span at moſt, yet unimprov'd at laſt;
'Tis done! No more I feel the ſecret Joy,

His

His ſolid Words, and holy Preſence gave
When in the *Morn*, at *Noon* and *Eve* of Life.
His Soul was ready wing'd for Flight, and now
Has urg'd her ſtarry Pinions tow'rds the Skies,
And reach'd the wiſh'd for Heav'n! There Joys unmix'd
Court his Eternal ſtay; to fill his Soul,
Enlarg'd to drink Seraphic Pleaſures, pure
And untainted Bliſs! O awake, awake
My Muſe! Riſe far beyond this duſky Sky
And ſeek him there: With Tears of Tranſport view,
His noble Soul (of ſweet Angelic Frame,)
Riſen Triumphant from the Church below
To join the nobler in the Realms above!
How bright the Carr that bore him thro' the Skies?
A rich eſcorte Cherubic lin'd the Way
To his far brighter Seat and brighter Joys.
View him enthron'd amidſt a ſacred Throng
Of elevated Minds, large as his own;
And BOYLE, and NEWTON ſhout him welcome there;

With

With Joy perpetual hail his bleſt aſcent,
To thoſe immortal Realms of endleſs Love!
GOODWIN * a Star of noble Size, that late
Aſcended Mind, of heav'nly make; whoſe Life
On Earth was big with Bliſs, met his Arrival;
With Love reciprocal, and ſweet converſe
Improving ſtill; ſtill with Ambition great
Aſcending the fair Hill of Paradiſe.
Thro' ever blooming Fields, and bliſsful Grove
Grace now inſpires their Song: the ſhining Plains
Now catch the Sound, and eccho to the Hills
All Heav'n exulting in Seraphic Love!

RAPHAEL in unaccuſtom'd Strains ſalutes
The new-come Saint; with Gratulations juſt
Holds their Attention fix'd, whilſt he, with Joy
Repeats, the Holy Labours of his Life,
The ſweet Effects that follow him to Bliſs.
" Seraphic Mind (tho' human call'd) to Heav'n

" Near-

* The Reverend Mr. *Peter Goodwin*, who died *Nov.* 27, 1747

" Near-kin. Thrice welcome to theſe happy
Realms
" Of unmoleſted Peace, thoſe nobler Joys
" Fram'd by Eternal Wiſdom to delight
" Souls like himſelf; from ev'ry dreg refin'd
" That Mortals mourn'd: 'Tis intellectual Bliſs!
" 'Twas but a Taſte that you enjoy'd below,
" And few ſo much as taſte; Supernal All!
" None but the Sons of GOD can ſolace here,
" Or pay a Worſhip pure, divine like this.
" But I forbear—You know the Scheme of Heav'n,
" And taught it Saints below. You ſoar'd on high,
" Spurned the dull Globe beneath, to reach this Orb
" The *ſweet* Employments and Attainments *great*. †
" Its vaſt Appendage you ſublimely told, ‡
" And taught the World to read its Maker GOD.
" Minds humble, teachable and free, ſet looſe
" From ſlaviſh Chains of Party Zeal, unhinged
" From Self; may find divine Improvement mix'd

 " With

† See his Treatiſe of Death and Heaven.

‡ See his Knowledge of the Heavens and the Earth made eaſy: and his Philoſophical Tracts.

" With Thought abſtruſe, yet clearly ſolv'd, with Skill
" That ſhines inimitably great, far greater
" Than raſh Oppoſers boaſt! Minds big with Thought
" May learn by thee to make advancement ſtill,
" Aiming the ſummit of celeſtial Truth. ‖
" 'Twas thy ſoft Grace the faireſt Pattern gave
" To trace Truth's Mazes, and embrace her found. *
" Now happy Soul expand thy nobler Thoughts
" O'er this bright World, and talk Affairs of Heav'n,
" Of GOD the Architect of all! Yon Throne
" To which the Sun is Darkneſs, points thee near
" The glorious object of thy Love ſupream.
" No interchanging Day and Night, 'tis all
" Day perfect! — Noon, it ſtands Eternal here,
" And ſo will all thy Joys! ſtretch the vaſt Thought
" To vaſter ſtill: Approach the Throne; the Lamb
" That deign'd to die for thee, will introduce,
" To the rich Raptures of a Smile from GOD!
" Then kindred Minds with interwoven Joys
" (How

‖ See his Ruin and Recovery of Mankind.
* Improvement of the Mind.

" (How grateful this) will mingle Souls to learn
" Growing improvement from thy ſacred Tongue."
Thus the fair Seraph ſpake, as from a Throne
Of Love.—A lofty Throne, whoſe ſplendor pour'd
Unſufferable Day! Then ſtrait around,
A ſmiling Throng of happy Souls, (by WATTS
Directed to that World of Light) rejoice;
With Harps new tun'd, and Songs like his divine,
Together ſpend Eternity in praiſe!

MY Tears are wiped away, I ſigh no more;
The mourning Theme is chang'd for that of Joy:
The Viſion opens and ſhines bright with Bliſs!
Come ſacred Minds (whoſe converſe firſt I ſought)
Fix Faith's enlighten'd Eye: Behold the Place
Where Sorrows never come, nor Pain, nor Death
Shall ever enter: Where Peace and Pleaſures pure
Flow in one ſtrong Tide of Life: Joy and Love
For ever ſmile propitious there! Nor need
The Lamp of Night, or Day to ſhine adorn'd
With Silver, or with Golden Beams, where GOD

Foun-

Fountain of Light and Glory dwells. Aſcend
My Soul; —— the pearly Gates unfolded ſtand,
And thy admittance wait ——
Haſte then fair Guardian from thoſe bliſsful Skies
And aid me there: my nobleſt Treaſure lies
Where WATTS is gone; I ſend my Griefs away,
And loſe his Form in an Exceſs of Day!

FINIS.